THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

By G. W. Kingsbury. JUNCTION, DAVIS CO., KANSAS, THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1861. Vol. I.—No. 1.

Smoky Hill and Repub'n Union,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

G. W. KINGSBURY,

OFFICE ON JEFFERSON ST. BET'N 7TH & 8TH.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, - - - - - $2.00
Ten copies, one year, - - - - - 15.00

☞ Payment required in all cases in advance. papers discontinued at the expiration of the for which payment is received.

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NOT YET.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh, country, marvel of the earth!
On realm to sudden greatness grown!
The age that gloried in thy birth,
Shall it behold thee overthrown?
Shall traitors lay that greatness low?
No, Land of Hope and Blessing, No!

And we who wear thy glorious name,
Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,
When those whom thou hast trusted aim
The death-blow at thy generous heart?
Ah, goes the battle-cry, and lo!
An[illegible] rise in harness, shouting, No!

[illegible]ey who foun'ed, in our land,
[illegible]ower that rules from sea to sea,
[illegible] in vain, or vainly planned
[illegible]r their country great and free?
[illegible]ping ashes from below
[illegible] thrilling murmur, No!

[illegible]y the gentle ties which long
[illegible]r sister States were proud to wear,
[illegible]ed the kindly links so strong
[illegible]ile hands in sport to tear—
[illegible] scornful hands aside to throw!
No, by our father's memory, No!

Our humming marts, our iron ways,
Our wind-tossed woods on mountain crest,
The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent flow,
And loud Niagara, answer, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
Who deep in Elli's dim twilight sit,
Earth's ancient kings shall rise and say,
"Proud country, welcome to the pit!
So soon art thou, like us, bereaved of power?"
(No, sullen group of shadows, No!

For now, behold the arm that [illegible]
The victory in our father's [illegible]
[illegible]s told, to guard and [illegible]
That mighty arm which none may [illegible]
On clouds above and fields below,
Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!

[New York Ledger.

THE QUESTION OF TECHNICALITIES.

It is nearly as amusing as it is astonishing to see how excessively jealous of technicalities the open advocates of secession, and the secret opponents of the Government, have become, all at once. Even in the seceded States, which claim to be an independent and foreign country, the journals and orators work themselves into frenzies of passion at what they esteem President Lincoln's violations of the Constitution of the United States! They profess that they have no longer any interest in the Union, and care nothing for the United States, nor its Constitution.

Taking them at their word, may we not inquire what right they have to meddle in our affairs, and to become the champions of the constitutional rights of a people who are foreigners to them? Or, since, notwithstanding all their talk about independence, they cannot avoid meddling in the affairs of the Union, is it not possible that they still contemplate the contingency of a re-union with the United States?

But what do their charges against the President of violating the Constitution amount to? What right have they to bring such charges against the President, even though he were ten times the usurper that he is falsely charged to be? Are they not stopped by their own acts from bringing accusations against any one? Is not the whole history of Secession a record of usurpations, of unblushing robberies, of unprovoked cruelties, of flagrant and unwarrantable outrages on the very Constitution they now accuse the President of violating? When they resolved to separate from the Union, did they do it—nay, did they even propose to do it—in a fair, decent, and constitutional way? Did they present a solemn report of their grievances to their sister States, and earnestly ask for a national convention to authorize their peaceful departure from the Union?

No; they seceded with shouts of defiance, and significant threats of hostilities. They vowed a war, and at once prepared for it. They robbed the arsenals, the mints, and the treasuries; they seized the federal ships and dockyards; attacked, captured and despoiled the federal troops, and ended by besieging and bombarding a helpless federal garrison. And yet, after all this, they have the effrontery to complain that the President of the United States has been guilty of some slight violations, or rather evasions, of the Constitution, in the measures he took to defend the nation's life from their cruel and causeless assaults!

Even here in Missouri we hear these complaints of violations of the Constitution, all from those who have all the will, and only lack the power, to tear that Constitution to shreds, and violate every clause in it. They complain of outrages on the liberty of the press, violations of the privilege of habeas corpus, and outrages on the sovereignty of Missouri. They would have the Government encompassed by malignant and desperate foes, and yet forbid it to defend its life. They would have the Government assailed on all sides by military violence, and yet restrict it to constables, sheriffs, marshals, writs and legal processes, as the sole instruments of protection. They would permit a hundred thousand bayonets pointed at its heart, and yet limit it to a paper Constitution as a breastplate of defence against the unthinking and irreverent steel. They would allow it to be menaced by a powerful military force, and yet deny it all means of resistance but the feeble civil power.

These opponents of the Government complain of the presence of Federal troops in Missouri—complain that those troops have been used to capture a camp of State troops—and complain that they are now employed in suppressing a causeless and unwarrantable revolt by a disloyal Governor—claiming that neither Gov. Jackson nor anybody else commenced hostilities in the State, until provoked to it by the outrages of federal troops. Is this true? Nay, is it not glaringly untrue?

Was not the Liberty Arsenal robbed and sacked by citizens of Missouri, acting, probably, under orders, or, at least, with the sanction of the Governor of the State? Was not the Government warehouse at Kansas City robbed of the arms deposited there for use on the frontier? Were not the arms thus stolen, seized to arm the revolt which Gov. Jackson meditated? and are they not at this very moment turned against the Government to whom they lawfully belong?

Was not the State camp at Lindell's wood, near St. Louis, made the depository of Government arms stolen from the Baton Rouge Arsenal, and sent to Missouri by the Confederate Government, at Governor Jackson's written request, to aid him in a revolt which he was then actively and secretly preparing for? And were not these arms, known to be the stolen property of the United States, received at Camp Jackson with shoutings and exultations over the adroit trick by which the Cairo blockade had been avoided, and the federal authorities at St. Louis hoodwinked?

All these facts must be remembered and taken into account in forming an opinion of the policy of the Federal Government in Missouri. They were all acts of hostile violence against the Federal Government, differing only in degree, not in character, from the seizure of the New Orleans Mint, and the attack on Fort Sumter. Could the Federal Government allow these acts of violence, committed, some of them, by the tacit permission, and some of them at the positive instigation, of Gov. Jackson, to go unpunished and unnoticed?

A few years ago, when Lieut Governor Reynolds was U. S. Attorney for the District of Missouri, he employed all the needed force at his command, to arrest, imprison and punish a poor man in McDonald county, in the extreme South-western corner of Missouri, for cutting a few trees on the capacious wild domain of the Government in that region.

If Mr. Reynolds was justified (and in a legal point of view he certainly was,) in thus arresting and arraigning a citizen for damaging the public domain to the value of a few cents, is not the Government a thousand times justified in the military measures it has taken to punish the Lieut. Governor's adherents, who not only have robbed the Government arsenals of thousands of dollars worth of property, but are even attempting to take the life itself of the Government?

War is a harsh necessity, and its evils, even to those who had no hand in producing it, are hard to be borne. But the Government did not begin this war. It was forced upon it. Even here in Missouri, the Government was attacked, before it drew the sword, and it drew the sword then only to defend itself, and punish its assailants.

The Government being the assailed party, we ought to allow it a wider margin for defence, and a larger liberty of action, than its aggressors. We must allow it as wide a margin, and as great a freedom, as we accord to those who have provoked and forced it to resistance. The people of the United States expect, and have hitherto received, the utmost leniency from their Government. Will they refuse it, now, in its hour of deadly peril, the poor privilege of defending its life, and, with it, their own lives?—*Missouri paper.*

A WOMAN FOR THE TIMES.—The Troy *Times* says, an elderly lady who attended a meeting of the First Vermont Regiment just before they left for the seat of war, certainly evinced the most patriotism of any we have yet heard of. As soon as the prominent speakers had finished patriotic speeches, the old lady arose, full of enthusiasm, and said she thanked God that she was able to do something for her country; her two sons, all she possessed in the world, were in the regiment, and the only thing she had to regret was that she could not have known it twenty years ago, she would have furnished more of them.

The Union.

JUNCTION, THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1861.

FROM THE JUNCTION BOYS.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

We are gratified to lay before our readers the following extracts of a letter from a young man—a member of the Junction Home Guards, now Company B, Second Regiment, Kansas Volunteers—to his father, in this place. They are unusually interesting, and will be read with avidity not only by those who have friends in this company, but by every true Kansan. It was not intended for publication, and we are therefore not allowed to use any names. We would be pleased to have the writer assume the title of "our own correspondent," and furnish us occasionally with a letter descriptive of army scenes, &c., for the benefit of those in our midst who have friends in the ranks.

We would here remark that this letter corroborates in every particular the glowing accounts given of the bravery of our intrepid boys. In a fair field, against such overwhelming numbers, with hearts made sad by the early fall of their much-beloved commander together with the disabling of their regimental officers, we think the First and Second Kansas have proved themselves the crack regiments of the war. *They* didn't get no "panic!" It does appear, however, from the subjoined account, that the boys of the Second did have some *panic* in their cartridge-boxes, and it further appears that they understood sending it home! The honor and patriotism of our young State have been nobly maintained by her brave sons. In view of the place and circumstances of the late battle, well they might apply to themselves—"Vengeance is ours!"

CAMP, 2 miles from Rolla, Mo., August 10, 1861.

I have just got a little time to myself to write you, and let you know how, and where I am, as well as the rest of the Junction boys. I escaped all the bullets in our battle of the 10th inst., and have now nearly recovered from the fatigue of our march to this place.

I never expect to see such another battle if I were to stay in the army a life-time. Our little band of only a little over 4300 men, left Springfield the night before the 10th, and marched till nearly daylight, then lay down in the grass and slept about two hours, I think. By daylight we started again, being within two miles of the enemy's camp. Colonel Siegel had been detached from us, taking 1200 men and six cannon, to fall upon the enemy upon their opposite flank. The intention was to place McCullough's force between two fires. We retained with us twelve pieces of artillery. About 6 o'clock the first gun was fired, and in fifteen minutes the battle was fairly under way.

McCullough's force was 32,000, but at our first fire five regiments of Missourians fled, and never returned, thus reducing his force to 27,000—only six men to our one.

Our regiment was at first stationed in the rear as a reserve, and while so stationed, our company was sent out under Major Cloud as skirmishers, and to attack a body of cavalry, in conjunction with Wood's cavalry. The cavalry advancing proved to be McCullough's much talked-of Texan Rangers, numbering 1500. They did look splendid, although we only saw some three hundred of them, and coming on them unexpectedly, both sides were in doubt as to whether they were meeting friend or foe. Our boys were deployed as skirmishers, and the line was nearly as long as that of a regiment in close order. They unrolled a secession flag, and some of us fired on them two or three times. About twenty saddles were emptied in as many seconds—their flag bearer went down first. The flag fell among the horses, and was trampled in the dust by their own men. * * * We stopped the Rangers, and had the pleasure of seeing them turn their backs. Had we not stopped them, they would have came in our rear, and taken our wagons for the wounded, charged on our rear and cut us all to pieces.

Then we rejoined our regiment. Upon reaching it, we found that it had been under fire once, and was nearly half a mile in advance of where we left it. We learned that Colonel Mitchell had been wounded severely, and General Lyon killed, while leading our regiment into action.

Our regiment was formed immediately upon our reaching it, and led up to the crest of a hill in front of us, where we awaited the enemy, who was making preparations to charge upon us. We were here joined by four parts of companies, belonging to the First Kansas regiment. This swelled our little force to about 600 men—not a man more than that. We were sent forward to receive the shock of the enemy's columns, and to hold them in check. All our other regiments, after defeating and driving back what seemed overwhelming numbers, had retired, and their officers were endeavoring to reform them again. We must save the command, or all was lost. Yet even then the main body of McCullough's forces had retreated four miles, and were burning their train because they could not take it along, and feared its being captured.

We lay in the brush for about five minutes, in suspense, our officers riding along the line encouraging us, when fire was opened upon us by two regiments of infantry from Louisiana and Arkansas, and McCullough's Texan Rangers, as the entire body charged upon us from a hill about an eighth of a mile distant, directly in front, with a ravine between. They were supported by a battery about 400 yards from us, and a body of Indians, supposed to be Cherokees, numbering several hundred. These last were employed as sharp shooters. We were supported by two pieces of artillery upon each flank, and had it not been for them, not a man would have been left unhurt. The fire of the enemy was terrible, and was remarkable for precision. We stood behind the crest of a hill, and were ordered to sit down, and load and fire in that position. Many of us, however, stood up that we might get a better view, as only our heads appeared above the hill when we sat down. Our company all stood up, I think I left my place in the ranks and went up to the cannon, a little in front and right of the regiment, and remained there while the action lasted. I did this because a little ravine led down from here to the advancing column of the enemy. They came on in splendid style—their bayonets glistening, and the carbines of the Rangers glancing in the sun. It was only at moments, however, that I could see them, but those few seconds showed more men than our entire force that left Springfield. I made up my mind that we must die right there, for I knew that there was no hope of help, and I think every man in the regiment had the same mind. We all thought we would make the name of the Second Kansas remembered, if it never returned. But the scale of battle turned the other way. Under the fire of our rifles and muskets, and our artillery, the whole front of the enemy went down. Ben McCullough had his horse killed under him, and was badly wounded, by our first fire, as he was leading his men in person. I could see all that could be seen, and I saw the men falling by the score as they advanced. The report of McCullough's being wounded was brought in by a prisoner. It may be true or false, there is no certainty about it. The Louisiana regiment, we afterwards learned, was the one that led, and it was composed of gallant fellows, if they are traitors, for it was so cut up that not enough were left to form a company. Their men fell like grass before the scythe. I can think of nothing else to compare it to, although the comparison is an old one. The artillery remained while they had any ammunition, and did great execution. At their last round, they rammed in a bag of buckshot after the canister, and I should think that nearly half a company fell at the discharge of the two pieces. The enemy at last ceased firing—in fact, they stopped before our artillery left us for the rear—and we then retired to a hill on our rear, where the remainder of our force had formed. We then retired from the field, and the enemy re occupied it after us. We returned to Spring field without being pursued.

The loss of our regiment was about seventy killed, wounded, and missing—only five being killed outright. Our company only had two men slightly wounded. Alex. H. Lamb was struck by a spent grape shot in the leg, and lamed somewhat, but not hard enough to injure him seriously. He is now almost well. W. F. Allen, of Manhattan, received a slight bruise in the leg, but nothing to speak of.

Our loss, in killed, in the entire command, was about 175, and the wounded and missing would make the number up to 1000. Our position, as a regiment, protected us from loss, being just behind the crest of the hill.

The loss of the rebels, as near as can be ascertained, was about 6000. Captain Emmet McDonald, of St. Louis fracas memory passed through our camp day before yesterday, with a flag of truce, going to St Louis to endeavor to effect a change of prisoners. He acknowledged, so report says, that their loss was greater than our entire force.

When we retired from Springfield, we left those of our wounded who were unable to be removed in the hospital, and they have been well treated. Colonel Mitchell was left, among others, and is now getting on finely. I saw tears in the eyes of many of the soldiers when it was known that our Colonel was dangerously wounded. I do not believe a better man could be found—he thinks as much of his regiment as some men do of their families. The morning after the battle, we left Springfield for Rolla, being encumbered with a train of wagons four miles long, and having $250,000 in gold. We were in momentary expectation of an attack, but although we only marched about eighteen or twenty miles per day, we were not molested. Ben McCullough must have been pretty roughly handled, or we would not have been allowed to escape with a train worth a million, and gold to the amount of $250,000.

General Lyon had received orders to retire on Rolla, and dared not retreat encumbered with a train of such size and value, with eight or ten times our force hovering on our rear. Therefore, concluding that a desperate case required desperate treatment, he determined to march twelve miles to reach the enemy, and endeavor to cripple, at least so as to prevent him from pursuing us on our retreat. It was certainly a bold stroke, and had he lived to direct his little army, it would have succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. But upon his fall the command devolved upon Major Sturgis, and he determined to fall back to Springfield, while he could do so with comparative safety, before the enemy returned in overwhelming numbers upon our tired and weakened force. Our wagons were loaded with wounded, and a messenger sent to Springfield for more wagons for those we were obliged to leave. When these teams reached the battle-ground, they found the rebels busy, under the direction of their officers, in taking care of the wounded, taking them as they came—friend or foe—some giving them water, while others carried them to the hospital. I have much more respect for them than I had before the battle, for they have proved themselves more humane than I expected, judging from the conduct of their friends at Manassas Gap, and Pillow's proclamation.

These Louisianians are brave fellows, for they came on over their dead and dying comrades till there was none left to advance on us. It was the choice regiment of the rebel army, and it is almost exterminated. The bullets flew around us as thick as I ever saw hail fall. At first they fired a little too high, but they soon corrected that, and just as we were ordered to lie down, the bullets came over the hill, filling the air from the ground up to the height of a man's head. If you will take a handful of beans and throw them at a door, I think they will fill the air about as thick as the bullets did. Had we remained standing, not a man in the regiment would have been untouched. But I guess you have had enough of this. I know that six and a half hours steady cracking, and three-quarters of an hour in the worst of it, was enough for me for that day.

Colonel Seigel lost five of his cannon, one burst, one was disabled by being dismounted, and the horses of every piece was killed, but his men took hold and pulled one piece off the ground, till some cavalry came up, and they got some horses of them. The pieces left were spiked.

* * * * *

Governor Robinson was in camp last night and made us a little speech. He thinks Kansas in a tight place, and says that on the Eastern and Southern borders, predatory incursions are common. He is endeavoring to prevail upon General Fremont to order us back to Kansas, but I believe the General told him he must first get permission from the Secretary to dispose of the regiments in his command. At present he is trammeled by instructions from the War Department. I hope, and it is the wish of every man in the regiment, that we may be ordered back. Still, we would like to meet old Ben McCullough with men enough to make the battle fair and equal. It would be the salvation of Kansas, I think, to whip him well here in Missouri, for he would be forced to retreat to Arkansas or Texas, and leave the field clear once more.

THE SPRINGFIELD BATTLE A GLORIOUS VICTORY.

The details of the late battle near Springfield are now sufficiently ascertained, from the reports of both friend and foe, to enable us to form a just estimate of that remarkable fight. In many respects, it is worthy of more careful attention than, in the hurried perusal of the thrilling reports, the country has yet given to it. It will claim a record among the most memorable battles that have been fought on the continent.

With abundant leisure, and under the strongest incentives desperate leaders could supply, an army of twenty-three thousand men was gathered for the destruction of scarcely a fourth their number. Claib. Jackson's visit to Richmond, and the high-toned and jubilant character of the proclamations of Lieutenant-Governor Reynolds, General Pillow, and Jackson himself, indicate the pains taken to make their force effective, and the serene confidence reposed in its prowess. To these advantages of numbers and opportunity for preparation, the rebel chiefs added the wariest generalship, evidently determined to let no casualty of war find them sleeping, and to make the conquest of Lyon's little army certain and complete.

General Lyon is in camp in the suburbs of Springfield, only four leagues from the multitudinous hosts of the foe. Twenty-five hundred of his command are little better than fresh recruits. The term of service of more than a third of the remainder, his best drilled soldiers, is upon the point of expiring. How can he meet the enemy without reinforcements? These, by circumstances which he cannot control, are hopelessly delayed. A council of war is called. Its voice is almost unanimous for the evacuation of Springfield—a retreat. Such a retreat would not have been inglorious, but it would have been disastrous. It would have dispirited friends and elated the enemy. The heroic resolve was therefore formed—*to fight.* Not to throw up entrenchments for defence, nor even to wait for an assault, but to march forth twelve miles and commence an attack upon the foe.

It was necessary to leave a force in defence of the stores and equipage. The thus diminished army was then divided into three parts, having a little more than a regiment in each! Two of these divisions, under Lyon and Sturgis, march directly for the enemy, and the third, under Seigel, detours to the southward to attack him on the south.

Surely here was a desperate undertaking. Its parallel can rarely be met with in the annals of war. The enemy were fully advised of the temper of their adversary, for on several occasions he had dauntlessly marched miles to grapple with them in a fair field. They had therefore cautiously selected their position, and it was there, on their own chosen ground, that he came to meet them.

Take now the foe's report of the battle, and mark the overwhelming defeat that only shame and rage prevent him from fully confessing. He says: "The enemy took the Confederate pickets prisoners and surprised the main body. A bloody and desperate encounter ensued, with great loss on both sides. Five regiments of Missourians were panic-struck and thrown into disorder, and fled. General Price made ineffectual attempts to rally them. The Louisiana regiment fought gallantly, and suffered much. General Price led the third and fifth Arkansas regiments to a splendid charge."

And this, out of the enemy's own mouth, is "*McCullough's victory!*" Noble twenty-three thousand! More of you than the force that attacked you fled. Lyon had not five full regiments in the field, and five of yours fled! Who was left on the field? This your report forgets to say. Your remaining eighteen thousand, including the Louisiana regiment that "fought gallantly," and the Third and Fifth Arkansas, that General Price, indignant for his lost laurels, led to such "a splendid charge," were ingloriously routed and driven from the field!

Had the fleet foe all been caught and condemned to be shot, our fatigued troops, who had lost sleep, marched far, and fought for six and a half hours, would scarcely have been physically adequate to the task of shooting so many. They therefore withdrew to their camp, and this withdrawal is all the victory the enemy can claim! Why did he not pursue to Springfield? Why did he not pursue beyond Springfield? He was so cut up and frightened that he could not if he dared, and dared not if he could.

Several untoward circumstances occurred, which exhibit in still stronger light the heroism of our intrepid boys. A grievous mistake took place by which Seigel's division received its worst fire from its friends. Of the First Regiment, on which much dependence was placed, only seven hundred were in the fight. The deplorable fall of Lyon was a heavy blow to the hearts of his advancing men, whose hope and confidence were reposed in him. But in despite of these drawbacks, the thinned and lessening band closed up their ranks, pressed resistlessly onward, and won a victory of imperishable luster. The devoted valor of the First Regiment appears from the sad fact that nearly half their number engaged are among the slain and wounded.

Honor to each and all of the heroes of this memorable fight! A grateful country will never cease to remember them with admiration and pride.—*Missouri Dem.*

MILLIONS FOR DEFENCE, NOT ONE CENT FOR TRIBUTE.

When that far-off war with Tripoli was inaugurated, the universal cry throughout the United States was: "*Millions for Defence, not a cent for Tribute.*" The feeling that prompted this sentiment blazed the path to victory. How tame, how very small was that occasion compared with the present! There never was a time that more perfectly justified the out-cry: "*Millions for our own beneficent Government, not a cent for tribute to the traitors, who have converted the peace and prosperity of the United States into a hell upon earth, and who are trying to perpetuate that hell.*" From every hearthstone in the regions of loyalty, from every tillable field, from every arable spot, from every workshop, from every profession and pursuit, should spring up the cry: "Down with this murderous, perjured, polluting and destroying treason, cost what it may." The treason of Arnold cost our fathers a good deal of trouble, sacrifice, and fear; now that the progeny of Arnold has increased in numbers, we must increase our efforts and determination to blast it with an utter destruction.—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ "Grandfather," said a saucy little imp the other day, "how old are you?" The old gentleman, who had been a soldier in the war of the Revolution, and was much under the ordinary size, took the child between his knees, and patting him on the head with all the fondness of a second life, said, "My dear boy, I am ninety years old;" and then commenced to amuse the lad with some of the incidents in the story of his life—at the conclusion of which he addressed the youngster, "But, my son, why do you ask such a question?" when the little rascal, with all the importance of a Napoleon, strutted off, and hitching up the first pair of trowsers he ever wore, after the approved sailor fashion, replied, "Well, it appears to me you are darned small of your age."